

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“Revelation is truth made known whether that truth be religious or secular. Every invention or discovery, in fact, all our understanding comes from God, for ‘there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.’”

—RULON S. WELLS.

No. 9, Vol. 95

Thursday, March 2, 1933

Price One Penny

M. I. A. GREETINGS

To OUR officers near and far we send greeting. The year 1932 with its sorrow and joy, its follies and perplexities is now a part of the great past.

A New Year—a glad New Year dawns upon the horizon. What will it bring? To everyone that has faith in God it will bring peace and hope and joy. Doubt in the ultimate outcome does not enter the heart of a Latter-day Saint, for he knows the future is bright with promise.

And you, the officers of the great M. I. A. organizations, are helping tremendously to hasten that glorious day. Then why should you not look up and rejoice in the blessings that are yours? The work you are doing by your faithful efforts and splendid examples to direct the youth of Zion in the paths of righteousness cannot be measured by any known device. God alone knows, and you may be sure He will not forget.

Our appreciation for your good spirit and fine co-operation is unbounded. So again we greet you with a hearty—God Bless You.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

RICHARD R. LYMAN

MELVIN J. BALLARD

(General Superintendency)

RUTH MAY FOX

LUCY GRANT CANNON

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

(General Presidency)

(Published in the *Improvement Era*, January, 1933.)

A LOST FAITH IN GOD

ELDER CHARLES R. MABEY

FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF UTAH

A WRITER in one of our recent quarterly magazines said :

We have developed a vast and rather wonderful machinery—the machinery of modern life. For some reason it has recently ceased to function. The experts are busily cranking the engine, as I used to do with my Ford car when a Ford was still a Ford. They are wondering why the engine doesn't start. They are giving learned explanations of its failure to do so; they are adducing the most intricate problems of dynamics. It is all very instructive, no doubt. But the real explanation is much simpler. It is simply that the driver of the car has forgotten to turn the switch. The real trouble with the engine of modern society is that it is not producing a spark. The real trouble lies in the unseen realm which is found in the soul of man.

Since the Serbian student fired those shots that fateful day in June, 1914, and started the conflagration that set the world afire, everything seems out of joint. Many of us had thought that with the coming of peace, the nations would settle back to their wonted pursuits and civilization would assume its old stride and all would be well with mankind. But after fourteen years of attempted readjustment it is still a sick and sagging civilization, and no man knows when the patient will recover. One can locate no spot where there is hope untinged with doubt, dread and fear of the future. As for the universal prayer that the white-winged dove of concord might find a resting-place on earth, it, too, seems unfulfilled, for in almost every quarter of the globe bristling bayonets and huge cannon are the order of the day. The nations are spending more wealth in preparation for conflict with each other, by 100 per cent., than in those months immediately preceding the world catastrophe.

A STAGGERING LOAD OF DEBT

Added to this immense burden is the staggering load of debt occasioned by the war, and the mounting cost of government due to caring for the maimed, the widowed and the orphaned. Nor must we omit extravagances such as have not been practised for many decades. The result is deceit, dishonesty and a wild scramble to shift financial responsibility, or to evade entirely obligations which, in sanner times, would be held sacred. While every man's hand is not yet lifted against his neighbour, not in many years has existed such universal distrust of humans each towards the other.

Because of our distance from the main seat of the war, and pos-

sibly through a natural buoyancy of spirit, we here in America had thought the maelstrom could not draw us into the vortex. So for a time did it seem. There were fat years wherein we enjoyed a prosperity unknown to any other epoch in history. We became obsessed with our own power and wealth. Gold became our god. In our own minds we had made ourselves immune against any such bitter poverty as afflicted other peoples. We were different; science, man's mastery over the forces of nature through chemistry, through physics, through machinery, precluded such a contingency. Then the lightning struck, turned the deluge loose upon us, and we were sucked into the whirlpool.

A THOUSAND PANACEAS OFFERED

There we have been for three long years hoping that something, be it even a fortuitous circumstance, might throw us out of the swirling flood. But each succeeding month has increased our sorrow and heightened our dread. A thousand panaceas have been offered, a thousand possible solutions have been advanced and many of them have been tried, but all to no avail. The experts have all been wrong. In fact, events have proven their theories to be no better than those of the man on the street. And now even the experts are grasping at straws in the hope of finding a way out. For the present, however, the flinty road seems to have not even the shadow of turning, and most of us realize that there are no bypaths into which we may direct our footsteps towards green fields and pleasant pastures.

In our distress, too, we have permitted the light to be shut away from our eyes. We have an exaggerated idea of the present crisis. We imagine this condition cannot be cured; we believe that no age ever suffered as we suffer; that at no time were men in such a dreadful state. Hope has been driven from our hearts and faith is dead. Yet other men in other days have been so situated, and in the end they came out of their night of horror, revived and redeemed.

It is not for me to diagnose the case and tell just what is the disease and how it may be cured, since so many have tried and failed. But I believe the writer quoted a few moments ago has come more nearly to expressing the truth than most of those to whom ear is given to-day. "The real trouble lies in the unseen realm which is found in the soul of man."

Most surely we have placed an abnormal value on wealth, position, power and all those terms connote. This seems to be a failing of mankind. We have always had an exaggerated desire for these, an exaggerated admiration for those who possess them, an exaggerated belief in their influence in producing happiness, though we have been warned so repeatedly that such is not true.

Even now the principal cry is over the loss of money. We do not seem to sense the force of the words:

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things.
 There is no armor against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equally made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

We still cling to false standards. We still worship the golden calf, and there is no Moses returning from Sinai with sacred tablets whereon the finger of God has inscribed a message to deliver us from our idolatry. A generation ago our fathers in like circumstances, with unerring faith, would have leaned upon Heaven for support and found it. No such strength seems to lie within us. As a brother said to me less than a month ago, "These are terrible times, and the trouble is that our people haven't the faith their fathers had to buoy them up in their hour of trial."

Our common sense tells us the present stress will pass, that most of it is in the minds of men, and that it is far more important to consider what we are doing during these days, than to whine and whimper over our condition and wonder when it will pass away.

INSPIRATIONAL EXAMPLES OF FAITH AND COURAGE

We have so many examples from which to draw inspiration. Our deadened senses tell us that the words of the Master even now are true and of full force, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal;" and "Therefore I say unto you; take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, . . . or, Wherewithal shall ye be clothed, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." This does not mean that we are to resign ourselves to earthly misery, but that we are to find our way out with faith and good works.

All our teaching, our traditions, our philosophy, the very Gospel we make so much of, tells us how futile is this mad scramble after wealth. Each of us knows he is here for a definite purpose and that is to develop his immortal soul, that such development cannot come save it be through experience, both pleasant and unpleasant, that when we attain that other shore God will not look us over for gold, or silver, or precious stones, or rich attire, but for scars, and these scars will be our title deeds

to eternal life. Each of us knows that the men and women who have made a lasting impression on the race have not been those who have gathered about them huge masses of this world's goods. The contrary is true.

We do not know what it means to be burned to death, to have our bodies wrapped in a shirt of fire; it is not pleasant to be burned at the stake. But I had rather been Savonarola, stripped of his sacerdotal robes, the flames from burning faggots licking his feet and consuming his earthly body, than to have been ruler of Florence in the proudest moment of her history, or head of that Church which held in that age all Europe in its grasp. I had rather been Savonarola, conscious of the purity of his life, and sure of the love of a risen Redeemer, than to have been pope and prince and church rolled together into one, for his glory will remain undimmed.

Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

Far more important than these things is another, which strikes at the very root of our difficulty to-day. It has to do with forces that are not so easy to define, since they have been at work for more than three generations and have been slowly, but none the less surely, sapping our strength away. The author first quoted, said that the trouble lay within the soul of man. The brother spoken of later said that we had lost faith. To go back over the contributing causes to this state of mind would demand more time than at my disposal. Yet even an unbeliever would admit this premise to be true: That for the vast majority of so-called Christians, faith in a risen Redeemer is dead. They acknowledge Him to have been a great Teacher, they accord Him perfection of life; but when mention is made of the real purpose of His coming to earth, His being the Son of God, His resurrection from the dead, in short, the miraculous part of His existence, all this is swept contemptuously aside as being too childish for modern man with his scientific learning to entertain for a moment.

DISORGANIZED AND MATERIAL NATURE OF SOCIETY

At any rate, whatever we have learned, the present condition of society is proof sufficient that we haven't gone very far. We may have material gains, but we are woefully and utterly disorganized, and nobody seems to know which way we are going. We haven't advanced a foot since the days of Aristotle in philosophy, and surely no one would give us credit for having produced a teacher equal to Him who died on Calvary. It might be well to take stock of our accomplishments before we rail at those of other days.

Considering all these things is it not well to take stock and discover whether the fetishes we have been worshipping are fallible? We have laid great store by science for many decades. Its votaries have been our guide, its lamp has lit our feet, its genius had fed and clothed us, and in the years yet to come it was to lead us out of every wilderness into new lands of promise. There was to come a joyous blessed day, when under its benign ægis want should be driven from human habitations and fear from human hearts. Yet within the memory of every adult person has happened the worst, the most diabolical, the most sanguinary and the most colossal war on record. The bodies of millions were given to the maw of Mars, for four and a quarter years. Other millions were maimed and torn and orphaned almost beyond belief. So frightful was this bloody catastrophe, that a dweller from another planet coming here must have concluded at the sight of the butchery that all the inhabitants of the earth had gone mad.

But this is not all. The foulest wrong done to us was the loss of confidence and faith. What would we not give could we be assured that confidence towards each other had been restored among the nations, and faith had again been placed in the hearts of men? What price would we not pay to have within us that assurance, that calmness, that resided in us before the dogs of war were unleashed in 1914? Wouldn't most of us be willing to part with some of the comforts of modern civilization could we return to the peace and satisfaction that were ours in those earlier times, when there still seemed to be some sort of brotherhood on earth? Is it not possible, then, that one side of our nature has been sadly neglected?

Mind you, I am not blaming science for all these things. Not at all. I lay the blame where it is due; upon the men and women who belong to the age of which I am a part. In other words, using the language of Maurice, "I wish to confess that the sins of my time are my own." I am responsible for its shortcomings. If I find fault with it I condemn myself. I am no outsider, no foreigner, but part of it. I am therefore in a position to offer a righteous judgment.

RELIED ON SCIENCE AND FOUND IT TO BE WANTING

For three generations we have relied on science and found it to be wanting. This is no fault of hers any more than she is to blame that products of her brain are used by men for mutual slaughter. She is a tool which we use to make us acquainted with the secrets of nature, that we may use those secrets to our benefit. It is no concern of hers if we have tried to use that tool for other purposes and it has proved inadequate, because that tool knows nothing about the soul of man.

Long ages of struggle have taught us that one of the requirements of that soul is faith in itself and faith in a Higher Power.

Within such faith there are no limits it cannot attain. Each one of us is a witness to this truth. We know that the moving cause of everything we do lies within us. When we are enervated and filled with fear there is nothing we can do, but when we feel down in the depths of our being the urge everlasting, there is nothing we cannot do. At such times no summits ever reached by others are beyond us. Beneath the surface of us are reservoirs so deep that plummet cannot sound them, from which we draw uncounted reserves. When we tap that storehouse we rise to the heights. In one such hour Palissy, seeing a specimen of Chinese porcelain, resolved to draw from that source and became the greatest designer and producer of this kind of art work Europe has brought forth; in another Correggio, looking upon Raphael's "Saint Cecilia" for the first time, felt within himself an awakened power and exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" and became one of the greatest artists of Italy. We hear a great orator, gaze upon a beautiful piece of sculpture, or read a good book and exclaim in our hearts, "I, too, could do that!"

"AS GOD IS, MAN MAY BECOME"

No one has ever yet expressed himself to his fullest capabilities. Shakespeare, though he be the world's greatest poet, left within himself still more sublime poetry; Webster never sounded the majestic depths of his nature; Milton never wrote his greatest lines. They all died with their work unfinished to carry it on in some brighter land. "Mormonism" expresses this: "As man is, God once was; as God is, man may become."

If all is heredity and environment, what gave to the great Steinmetz the wizardry to make the lightning do his bidding? Poor, hunchbacked, frail and unknown, he drew from that unfailing fount, and the electrical world lay at his feet.

Thirty years ago I saw in the Plaza at Florence, Michael Angelo's statue of David. There stood the boy king, sling in hand, alert, hair flowing over massive brow, ready to loose his missile at the head of the giant Goliath. The very marble pulsated with life. I was told that the block out of which this was carved had lain for forty years rejected by other sculptors because it was too large and unwieldy. Finally it came to the attention of this great master. Undeterred where others had failed, he saw its possibilities. Within that spring from which he had so often drawn for inspiration lay the germs of this work of art. He looked upon the formless stone and it assumed definite shape in his mind. At once he saw the body of the heroic Hebrew boy emerge from its prison house; he saw the spirit shine forth from mouth and face and eye; he saw limbs and head issue out of the dead mass. To him it was a labour of love to release the soul of David from its confinement.

(Continued on page 154)

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1933

EDITORIAL

A DAY OF PREPARATION AND WARNING

It should be plainly evident to the members of the Church in the British Mission, as well as to those on the continent, that a growing decrease in missionaries from the headquarters of the Church is necessitating a greater use of the local Priesthood. The time has come when those who have embraced the Gospel in these foreign lands, and have received a portion of the authority of God, are being called upon to assume a greater amount of responsibility for carrying forward this great work of the Father. No longer must they lean upon the missionaries for continued support. The organization of mission-wide auxiliary boards, composed almost exclusively of local members, the calling of local Priesthood bearers to perform active missionary work; the responsibility for systematic and thorough tracting, under branch supervision; the holding of outdoor and cottage meetings by local members; the appointment in each district of experienced persons to act as supervisors for the various auxiliary organizations, and other changes, all testify to the onward movement that is taking place, looking to the utilization of every available local agency to preach this "gospel of the kingdom," "as a witness" to the nations of the earth.

Of late, there is considerable activity in the organization of building funds in different parts of the mission, for the erection of chapels, and the repairing and extension of those already owned by the Church. Recently we published a well-worked out scheme formulated by the Sheffield branch to raise a certain amount of money this year toward the erection of a commodious Church for that branch. We did this that other districts and branches might profit by the ideas contained in that programme, which certainly was most praiseworthy.

All these movements denote that the purposes of the Lord are ripening fast, and that His presiding Priesthood have been given the vision and the inspiration to more intensively organize His work in these foreign lands, so that the missionaries might be relieved of much detail work which local members can do, and thus give more time to better and increased proselyting work. With the barriers closed against immigration, the branches will increase in membership, and will grow in a greater knowledge of the Gospel, with more efficient direction of Priesthood activities.

In view of all this, the Latter-day Saints must arouse to the opportunities before them. They must be exemplary in their

lives. They must live the Gospel. They must be as a light set upon a hill, ready and anxious to warn their neighbours to flee from the wrath that is to come. They should delight in being counted worthy to be called into the harvest field of the Lord.

There must exist on the part of the Latter-day Saints a greater determination to use their free agency for righteousness; not to listen to Satan, nor be governed by him in the least degree, nor allow him to lead them into sin. It is sin that causes apostasy. No man ever apostatized from this Church who had not committed sin. God does not desert those who are faithful and who keep His commandments. But when they transgress the commandments of God and commit sin, then they have no claim upon His blessings until they repent. It should therefore be the burning desire of every member of the Church to live worthy of divine aid to help them to overcome every evil tendency. God is going to cleanse the earth of wickedness. He intends to institute a reign of peace and righteousness in the earth that shall last for one thousand years. Enoch saw it and prophesied concerning it, and a number of other prophets foresaw it and left on record their testimony concerning it. The Lord, Himself, by direct revelation in this day and age has also spoken concerning it, and has taught His Church that this blessed period of peace will come and Satan will be bound.

There was a time on the American continent, of which we have an account in the Book of Mormon, when the people became so righteous that Satan had no power among them. They lived in purity and died without sin. That was through their refusal to yield to Satan. He was literally bound. Satan has very little power when the people obey the commandments of the Lord and live the principles of the Gospel.

The cleansing of the earth from its wickedness will be as great in its place as the cleansing of the earth by the flood that came in the days of Noah, though this time it will be by fire. Mala'chi says the day will come when the wicked shall be ashes under the soles of the feet of the righteous. Those who are watching the signs of the times already see the operation of this cleansing process of God among the nations of the earth. The foundation of that great and glorious time will be laid when Jesus shall reign personally upon the earth. We are living in the day and time when the word of God by His holy angels has gone forth in the earth, crying out that the hour of His judgment has come. His judgments are abroad in the world. Nothing can stay them. We see them, we hear of their terrific violence on every hand, and they will become more and more terrible.

It is a time for the saints to be asking themselves whether they will be able to stand and endure and be faithful to every trust. To do so they must cleanse from their lives everything that would weaken their faith in God. They must live in peace with

one another. If they have anything in their hearts against any brother or sister, and are carrying that evil thought day by day, they must truly repent, or they will deprive themselves of the strength and faith they will need when the judgments of God increase in the earth. While they entertain these feelings they do not enjoy the Holy Spirit, for it is impossible, where such feelings exist, for the Spirit of God to dwell in their hearts, as it would like to. We must live together in love, and in fellowship with the Holy Ghost, in fellowship with the angels, and with our Lord Jesus Christ. Remember that great eternal principle: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

The love of the Gospel, the love of our standing in the Church of God, our love for the fellowship of the saints, our love to do unto others as we would be done by, ought to be uppermost within us. Nothing should be more desirable than salvation and exaltation in the celestial kingdom of our God. That should be our goal; but to gain it we must live "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," and that involves a constant struggle with the enemy of righteousness. But it is worth the price.—JAMES H. WALLIS.

A LOST FAITH IN GOD

(Concluded from page 151)

Seizing chisel and hammer, in due course he brought into being this masterpiece. Angelo is acknowledged as one of the supreme geniuses in painting and sculpture. The results of his labours are to be found all over Italy. But his greatest work was never painted on canvas, or cut out of yielding marble. There lay within him capacities—virility, strength, rugged grandeur—such as no worker in stone ever wrought into reality. Dare we say that all this energy and fire was the end of Michael Angelo?

He has been dead these three or four hundred years. Long ago the chisel stiffened in his hand, the mallet of the master was laid aside, and he passed into eternal sleep. The boy David that he fashioned still stands, throbbing, lifelike, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. As long as men admire such supreme achievements, it will be a deathless monument to the hands that created it. But shall it be said that this block of stone, be it ever so expertly and delicately formed, is greater than the mind that created it? Is the thing created to be greater than its creator? Is the "David" of Angelo to live while the spirit that made it out of the dust of the earth has passed into nothingness? Beasts that want discourse of reason would protest at such a monstrous perversion of our intellectual sense.

And now I come to the next point with some diffidence, for I am treading on holy ground. At the beginning of this talk some-

where, we said that science had not yet become lord of life, that life is not a homeless waif wandering up and down through space awaiting the call of surgeon or biologist to bid it enter into dead matter? But there was a Lord of life, and there is a Lord of life, and there always will be a Lord of life, to whom we can turn and find succor in our hour of distress and hope on our day of sorrow. He, too, lived in a day when men's minds were in turmoil and doubt and dread. Old doctrines had become effete and useless. Old systems lived in a day when men's minds found no comfort in their old faiths. These were dead in Athens, dead in Rome, dead in Egypt. Men were waiting for a newer and a larger life and they found it. Hitherto the gods that had presided over the religions of men had been impersonal ones, figments of the imagination, gods whom poets and prophets had tried to describe and geniuses like Phidias had tried to make visual in stone. Even the Jews, the chosen people of the Lord, had a vague understanding of the Messiah which was to come; but in reality they thought that God had fabricated the universe in six days and had sat down and rested on the seventh, laying aside His work as a clock-maker would put down a finished clock. Reason should have told them that God's work is never done, that He, too, finds His tasks that have to be taken care of. "My Father worketh now, and I work," said His Son, but they understood Him not.

MIRACLES DONE BY THE NEW PROPHET

In the early days of His ministry, when the wonder of it had not yet penetrated far into the consciousness of Jewry, Philip told Nathanael of the miracles done by the new prophet, to which the latter said, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Philip replied, "Come and see." And when they went to see, the Lord, desecrating them from afar, exclaimed, "Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile." His pure soul, piercing matter and space with far greater strength than any ray recently discovered, found the truth and expressed it.

As Philip said to his friend back in those dim centuries, so say we to all who are in doubt, or fear or dread, "Come and see" and you shall know. Hudson many years ago told us that man's title deeds to eternal life lay written on the tablets of his own soul and not on the wings of the butterfly. And so, using the same thought may we say that "Christ's claims to divinity lie within His own personality, and there is all the proof He needs."

He was not a schoolman. He never indulged in useless debates about the Godhead or heaven. He took these as matters of course. He borrowed no system of teaching; He copied no philosopher; no Magian learning hung on His brow. He knew His scripture, but He gave it a new meaning, but mostly He taught doctrines nobody had ever heard before. He spoke as man had never spoken, for He was the Son of God.

He made no appeal to tradition. There was no depending on others for support. He did not attempt to prove His position by the use of great names. He taught as one having authority. He leaned on One only. "It hath been said by them of old time, but I say unto you." Here was a Being who knew Moses and the prophets, but He had no need of them, for He was the Son of God.

NEVER OFFERED PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

He never made an attempt to prove the immortality of the soul. There was no purpose in that. What He said was its own evidence. There was no apology to His teaching, for it was too palpably self-evident. His speech was all declaratory. There was no tangling up with promises and smooth philosophies of the day. Reasoning in its ordinary sense never occurred to Him. Because of this—this revealing of the naked truth—all He taught was not transitory or subject to the whims of fashion. All He said has come to us unencumbered with verbiage, as it should be, for it was the speech of the Son of God.

His language fits all ages and climes; it is universal. We understand it as readily in the twentieth as they did in the first century. He was neither Jew nor Greek, neither ancient nor modern; neither learned nor ignorant. We grasp His thought to-day as quickly as His fellow Galileans, the barbarian comprehends Him as easily as does the citizen of London. Can this be said of any of the world's philosophers? Try to read Plato and Aristotle, Kant and James. You will then understand what I mean. Why did He speak so plainly? Because He was the Son of God.

He said but little. All that is written of His sayings could be put into a very small compass, yet the subject matter is inexhaustible. Some twenty-four hundred years ago, Confucius said much that is true, but now a great deal of it is out of date. Socrates may have been perfect in his day, but we might discard much of it now. Not so with Christ. Try to delete any of His words. The world is loser by so much. He put no dross into His thought. None of His words have to be winnowed away. He is always in the right. The spirit always rests upon Him. Others may have their days of imperfection. His is a never-failing fountain of truth, because He is the Son of God.

He wrote nothing down for future generations to haggle over. He preferred to have His thoughts live in men's souls. Others wrote what He said, and instinctively on reading what He said, the lowliest or the highest feels that what was said was perfectly said, that nothing could be added to clarify it, or taken away because too much was said. Each thought comes like a nugget of pure gold from the bottom of the river of knowledge, and it needs no refining. He was, indeed, the Son of God.

According to Him God demands a singleness of life and purpose. One cannot be Janus-faced and look both ways, like Lot's wife,

back on the pleasures and comforts of a former existence with longing and at the same time look forward to the newer and larger life. In that particular our fathers, when they left behind them in Missonri, all their worldly goods, cast no backward glances at their possessions, neither did they desire to. They were entering into a new land to carve out a new existence. So must it be said of them who enter His life, for He is the Son of God.

FAITH SOMETHING TO BE DEVELOPED

All faith was voluntary. It is something to be gained by an inward power. We can develop it in ourselves. "If a man thirst, let him come to me and drink." Our real life is an inner, not an outer one. We cannot become Christians by accretion. We grow from within. Crystals gather their substance from surrounding matter and add it from without. Not so with living things. They must assimilate from within and thus make it part of themselves. None of us amounts to much from an earthly standpoint. Even our greatest quickly pass into nothingness. How soon do the waves of oblivion close over even those who have moved mankind the most! It is what we have made our spirits that matters, for they are immortal, even like unto that of the Son of God.

Christ is human. He is a personality; He is sane; He is one of us. There is no coldness of marble about Him. He walked and talked with men; He was the carpenter's Son; He knew human wants and human sorrow, though He were the Son of God.

And what a personality! Think of this, "The leper said unto Him, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' 'I will, be thou clean.'" Think of the audacity of it! "I will, be thou clean." Only a God could have spoken with such assurance. No wonder the Jews accused Him of blasphemy. It is that Personality we love; it is that Personality we worship; it is that Personality the unbeliever cannot explain away and the critic argue out of existence, for He is the Son of God.

Almost exactly nineteen hundred years ago He was nailed upon a cruel cross; yet He is a living force, pointing the way to life and hope everlasting. The poet has said, as He said in other language, those many centuries back:

Man is not dust, man is not dust, I say,
 A lightning substance through his being runs,
 A flame he knows not of, illumines his clay,
 The cosmic fire that feeds the swarming suns,
 As giant worlds sent spinning into space,
 His center, stores the light from which he comes.

Dust, why the future laughs at our dull sight,
 Laughs at the judgment linking man to sod,
 Damming him ever with decay and blight,
 When at his center burns the blaze of God,

Uncover, man, thy heaven self is gold,
 And gladden the eyes of Him who made the good.
 In that first morning when the worlds were told,
 And primal Word pronounced thine angelhood.

A God, give us the whirlwind vision; let us see
 Clear-eyed that flame creation we call earth.
 And man, the shining image, like to thee!
 Let the new age come quickly to its birth,
 When mortals shall know themselves divine,
 And waking from their dreams of sense,
 Shall ask no proof, no message and no sign;
 Man's larger sight, the unanswerable evidence.

—(Address delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah,
 U. S. A., January 22nd, 1933.)

WELSH DISTRICT CONFERENCE

"HAIL to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning" rang out in Miner's Hall, Merthyr Tydfil, on the beautiful Sabbath morning of February 12th, as the Latter-day Saints in Wales opened the first session of their Spring conference. The inspirational atmosphere created at that time, endured throughout the day.

After the opening exercises, opportunity was given each of the three local Branch Presidents to bear their testimonies and speak briefly on the conference theme, "Abundant Life." The brethren and sisters then separated to give reports of the auxiliary organizations within the various branches, and to receive instructions from the authorities. Much advice for the future welfare of the district was received at this time, and seven ordinations in the Priesthood were performed.

After the authorities of the Church had been sustained in the afternoon session, a historical report containing a summary of the district activities for the previous five months was read to the congregation. Among other things noted were: "Four candidates have been baptized and confirmed members of the Church during the past six month period. Eight brethren have been ordained to the office of a deacon, and two deacons advanced to the office of a teacher. There has been a marked increase in local missionary activity. A tracting society has been organized and 212 hours tracting accomplished, together with 506 Gospel conversations. The six travelling Elders in the district have tracted 1,979 hours, during which time they had 17,237 calls answered, 2,988 Gospel conversations lasting 937 hours, and received 52 invitations into homes. They have distributed 39 Books of Mormon, 980 pamphlets and 29,028 tracts."

The remainder of the time was then distributed among the six travelling Elders of the district and Professor Edward M. Rowe, all of whom spoke on the relationship of the various Gospel prin-

ciples to "Abundant Life." This session, as well as that of the morning, was enriched by the lovely musical numbers rendered by the saints.

As is usually the case, the climax of a wonderful day of spiritual enlightenment came in the evening, the entire time being turned over to the visiting leaders. The large congregation of nearly six hundred people were remarkably attentive as Bishop Wallis, Sister Douglas and President Douglas, speaking in the order mentioned, unfolded the plan of peace as found in prophecy, the story of the pioneers, and the Book of Mormon. The manifest joy of this session was intensified by the selections sung by the Dowlais British Legion Glee Party.

The conference was directed by President James H. Douglas of the British Mission, the auxiliary meetings and their activities by Sister Rintha Pratt Douglas, consulting supervisor of auxiliary activities and President of the Relief Society of the British Mission. There were also in attendance, Patriarch James H. Wallis and Elder Dennis McCarthy of the European Mission office; President Donald K. Ipson and Elders T. Taylor Cannon, Clifford G. Green, Allen N. Adams, Hugh D. Higgins and Herbert T. Edgar of the Welsh District; President Herman L. Anderson and Elder Joseph H. Chapman of the Bristol District; Elder Louis W. Meadows of the London District, and Elder W. Fletcher Llewellyn of the Hull District.

T. TAYLOR CANNON, Clerk of Conference.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Appointment and Release: Elder Clifford G. Green was appointed president of the Welsh District, February 16th, succeeding President Donald K. Ipson.

Transfers: On February 15th, Elder Vern R. Butcher was transferred from the Newcastle to the Norwich District, Elder Glen F. Oliver from the Portsmouth to the Newcastle District, and Elder T. Taylor Cannon from the Welsh to the Nottingham District.

Doings in the District: *Leeds*—District saints held a social at Bradford on January 21st, at which the Merry Belles and Juvenile artists furnished the programme.

Three persons were baptized February 11th by local brethren George Laycock, Fred Laycock and Harry Wilson. Confirmation took place at a meeting held for the purpose that evening.

Nottingham—Music by the Moritz Dance Orchestra marked a gala Gold and Green Ball held in the Co-operative hall, Nottingham. Prizes and novelties were distributed to the adults, and the children were entertained with games.

Elder W. Burke Jones baptized two persons at a service held in the Leicester Baths, Sunday, February 11th. They were confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ at the Union meeting which followed.

THE DREAMS AHEAD

WHAT would we do in this world of ours
 Were it not for the dreams ahead?
 For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
 No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
 Stretching far into the years;
 And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
 With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
 Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
 When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup
 And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate;
 To some it's a dream of wealth;
 To some it's a dream of truce with Fate,
 In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
 To some it's a crown above;
 The dreams ahead are what make each life—
 The dreams—and faith—and love!

EDWIN CARLISLE LITSEY.

DEATHS

CRABTREE—Sister Sarah Beaver Crabtree, aged 74, a faithful member of the Halifax Branch, Leeds District, died January 31st. Funeral services were conducted February 3rd, by local Branch President George Smith, and the grave was dedicated by President William H. Clawson.

ROGERSON—Sister Sarah Robson Rogerson, faithful member of the Preston Branch, Liverpool District, passed away January 14th. Services, conducted by Branch President Clifford Hartlett, were held in the family home, and the grave was dedicated by Elder F. Vernon Rawson. Memorial services were held in the Preston Branch hall, Sunday, January 22nd.

CONTENTS

M. I. A. Greetings	145	Welsh District Conference	...	158
A Lost Faith in God	146	From the Mission Field	...	159
Editorial: A Day of Preparation				Poetry:		
and Warning	152	The Dreams Ahead	...	160

PUBLISHER: JAMES H. DOUGLAS, 43 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 1

EDITORS: JOHN A. WIDTSOE, 295 EDGE LANE, LIVERPOOL

JAMES H. WALLIS, 2 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON W.C. 1